



NOW THEN.

BYROGLYPHICS. MARCUS INTALEX. LOMOGRAPHY.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 20. FREE.

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REFUSE THE LURE OF REGENERATION.

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OPUS

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EDITORIAL.

WE'RE VERY EXCITED TO INTRODUCE YOU TO BYROGLYPHICS, WHO RECENTLY DID THE ARTWORK FOR NATURAL SELF'S NEW ALBUM ON TRU THOUGHTS. STUNNING WORK AND PROBABLY MY PERSONAL FAVOURITE SO FAR FEATURED IN NOW THEN.

Articles this month cover mentoring, city centre regeneration, cooking, Abbeydale Picture House, lomography and an accident with a safe. Safe.

Our music interview is with drum and bass legend Marcus Intalex and Filmreel features a maverick filmmakers special on Ferrara, Walken and Cammell. Also, skip to the first page of Sound for a choice selection of November listings for Sheffield, and the last for a self-aggrandising look at what we're listening to.

Send stuff to subs@nowthensheffield.com.

SAM.



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LOCALCHECK.

VOLUNTARY AND COMMUNITY SECTOR PROGRAMMES IN SHEFFIELD.

KAT COUSINS.

MENTORING.

WHAT DO OBI-WAN KENOBI, MARTIN SCORSESE AND JC BACH ALL HAVE IN COMMON? ANSWER: THEY WERE ALL MENTORS. BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A JEDI KNIGHT TO BECOME A MENTOR.

In the voluntary and community sector, mentoring is recognised as an invaluable tool for supporting people facing barriers, whether through peer mentoring, youth mentoring or mentoring for people newly arrived to the country (e.g. refugees). The key thing about the relationship is that it is not one-sided – both the mentor and mentee learn from each other.

I spoke to Joshua Forstenzer, who coordinates a mentoring programme in Sheffield called Rising Stars. The programme is aimed at supporting young people who have the skills and the talent to be an asset to any university, yet have the odds stacked against them to get a place at one they want to go to. A young person is matched with a student currently at the University of Sheffield, as someone who knows how the system works. This one-to-one support and encouragement can be very useful when competing for a place with peers who benefit from many 'extras' (the private tuition, the connections etc).

As Joshua explained it, for many of the young people they work with, it's not a question of lacking the intelligence to get a place, but more to do with the 'soft skills' required – from having the confidence to apply in the first place, when no one in the family has studied in higher education before, to knowing what type of language is appropriate to use in correspondence. One of the young people from Broomhall who Joshua volunteered with has since been accepted to study Philosophy at the University of Sheffield. Coming from an area which is known more for its gangs at the moment, this gives a positive signal to kids in the area that being smart brings rewards, not just being tough.

Another positive example of mentoring in Sheffield is a pilot scheme run by the Big Issue in the North for its vendors. The scheme encourages vendors to improve their sales skills through a combination of a peer-support forum and support from professionals with a sales background.

Volunteering this way doesn't really cost the mentor anything (except their time), but the benefit to the mentee can be invaluable. Below are some projects in the city looking for mentors.

Northern Refugee Centre.

You might not realise it, but you can provide really important support to someone who has received refugee status, just by having some knowledge about how things work in the UK – whether it's registering for a doctor, using public transport or enrolling at college.

The RIES mentoring project matches refugees who have recently received their status with local people in a one-to-one mentoring relationship. This provides support and encouragement to help the mentee achieve the goals they decide on, in integration, education and employment.

Contact kennedy.muia@nrcentre.org.uk

St Mary's Community Church is running a Cross Cultural Mentoring Programme, aimed at bringing women together from the "Muslim and Western world", living in Sheffield.
stmarys-church.co.uk/mentoring.html

SOVA.

SOVA provides a mentoring service to young people going through a difficult time in their lives, such as leaving prison or care. The scheme offers accredited training to mentors and matches mentors with young people to empower them to make their own choices, providing a positive role model and some guidance. sova.org.uk

Find out more:

Are you a teacher that's interested in the Rising Stars programme? Contact j.forstenzer@shef.ac.uk

Want to find out more about the Big Issue in the North mentoring scheme? Contact ben.stevenson@bigissueinthenorth.com



COUNCIL AXE.

Regeneration vs. Degeneration.]

REGENERATION IS WHAT DOCTOR WHO DOES, COMING BACK SLIGHTLY YOUNGER EVERY TIME, UNTIL HE WILL RETURN ONE DAY AS A LITTLE BABY, EYES ALL BIG, INCHING HIS WAY AROUND THE TARDIS. SIMILARLY, REGENERATION REFERS TO THE WIDE-EYED APARTMENTS AND SMOOTH SKINNED OFFICES THAT HAVE RECENTLY CRAWLED FROM THE OLD URBAN FORMS OF THE 60S AND 70S.

This regeneration has its good sides. Shattered concrete town centres have given way to swanky libraries and health centres, with flats and offices perched atop public buildings. The publicly beneficial being subsidised by the privately profitable has been a pattern for new building up and down the country. But now the boomtime is over and the new generation is degeneration. Those smooth offices lie empty and singletons peer out of sparsely occupied 'city-living' flats. The sheen has gone; red rust runs into once unmarked gutters. Decay is creeping over the acres of steel and concrete that were put up with such optimism.

One of the Council's flagship regeneration projects has been Decent Homes. Costing a hundred million pounds a year, this has given new kitchens and bathrooms to thousands of council house owners. Although there have been problems - contractors going awol in the middle of work, or going round the house with blinkers on, not allowed to touch jobs that don't fall in their remit - there is no doubt council homes are more decent than before. But now money from the Government has dried up for this work and the Council is having to scrape every penny together to finish off the job. Re-wiring, general upkeep and improvements for disabled tenants will all be neglected to finish off the programme.

Other big schemes have hit the buffers too. The forthcoming Sevenstone retail quarter aimed to bring the feel of Meadowhall to downtown Sheffield, mmmm..... nice. The company behind Sevenstone, with the jolly help of the Council, chucked out resident businesses - then all the money dried up and everything ground to a halt. Sheffield centre now looks like the set of 28 Days Later.

Yet the sad face of the downturn doesn't have a 1980s haircut this time round. We've got a better idea of what is naff and what might be good. The Council has teamed up with the Uni to come up with uses for the "empty quarter" in the town centre. Ideas include turning empty space into living art, places for charity or community work, and homes for start-up businesses. They are inviting ideas from all concerned.

The first real blossoming of this project is working with a bunch of people to turn several floors of Furnival House, by the Arundel Gate roundabout, into a Swap Shop of skills and stuff. Like open-university meets Freecycle, but with space for working and playing. Plans are being drawn up for programmes of activities and use of the space throughout November, and maybe beyond.

Having spaces to do stuff in for free makes sense when the number of people out of work has doubled. It generates energy and ideas, and helps people out when life is looking rubbish. The Sheffield Social Centre is another space for sharing skills and free stuff that has roamed round the city like a flailing anarchistic beast, evicted from several empty buildings. It might yet land in the shell of Woolworths - displacing the ghost of pick and mix with lectures on how to sabotage a hunt or catering with free food.

At the bottom of the Moor, regeneration still limps along. A plan for hundreds of student flats above a new market fell through. All those flats would have made the scheme cheaper for the Council and in the bold shiny world of Before Crunch that was great - although the design managed to recreate the underworld of Castle Markets. The downturn has left the Council as the only funder, so strangely the new scheme looks better. It will now have the feel of the Winter Gardens - with wood, glass and light. There are still worries about how spankingly expensive the thing will be for market traders, and how many current shoppers will make it across from the far side of Sheffield, but the building looks a lot less pants than before.

So, stuff getting down about recession and degeneration. Let us welcome them with glad arms. Let the Council build some stuff and leave other stuff where it is. Let us turn over our buildings to good people and smother ourselves in glorious decay. Refuse the lure of regeneration. Let us leave behind the shining future and play in the empty buildings of the present.

Get involved with the Swap Shop and make it last:
spacemakers.ning.com/group/sheffieldswapshop

If you have any other ideas, get in touch with the empty quarter project:
sheffieldemptyquarter.blogspot.com

Council housing is being hung out to dry, so have a shout over how to save it:
defendcouncilhousing.org.uk

A bunch of lovely anarchists are on the lookout for a new home:
sheffieldsocialcentre.org.uk



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- verb -
to wander about or act slowly and
without much purpose.

- noun -
I'm going for a mooch around the shops
(Also Moocher, a person who mooches).

"Come and mooch around our shop,
take your time and buy alot."
- Anon 2009 -

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FOOD&COOKING.

I DON'T GIVE A SAUSAGE FOR THE HEALTH OF THE NATION.
FLORENCE HILLIER.

NOW THEN... LET'S TALK ABOUT FOOD.

Food is commonly regarded as a necessity for life. Even the humble loaf of bread needs 'food' to reach its crusty potential. But for some, food is much more than simply a survival tool - it is the simple pleasure of preparation and participation that offers the true rewards. It is not necessarily the consumption, but the satisfaction gained from the processes, however simple (though not quite pot noodle simple). It's been noted that people are cognitive misers; perhaps this too should stretch to culinary misers. Commonly the reason behind people's decision not to cook is they lack the time, though, motivation, money and desire should all be attributed to people's miserly ways.

Nowadays you can buy anything ready-made, and in some cases pay a premium for the peace of mind that it will be quick and simple. Sometimes this ready-made element seems farcical. Take Pancake Day - the instant batter mix that promises delicious light and crispy pancakes, "just add eggs and milk".... so what exactly is in the box? Flour? Additives? This latching on to the fast food revolution has made people naïve to the fact that at times they are being conned. People lack the knowledge of ingredients that enables them to think clearly, contributing to a culture where many are more concerned about what's happening in the Big Brother house than what it is they are putting into their mouths.

In recent years there has been a massive alteration in the way that many perceive food. Concern for animal welfare and the state of the planet have entered the consciousness of many shoppers, though not enough to prevent the freighting of thousands of different food stuffs around the world, nor the dodgy looking processed meat that many children appear to thrive on. Admittedly, a return to the pre-war ways is unlikely and it would not be welcomed. We have grown accustomed to having our bananas and eating them too, not thinking twice about the fact that a banana in Britain is about as likely as seeing a pterodactyl. However, though this concern can be seen as a positive move both for the nutrition of the nation and the world, it fails to address the diminishing imagination of those in the kitchen. During the war people would create Christmas puddings with 90% carrot and Sunday roasts from a lamb's head. People were imaginative because they had to be. Nowadays we are handed our platter of korma and naan and need only zap it in the microwave for a couple of minutes in order to satisfy our ever-expanding stomachs.

Now back to the argument about time, motivation and money. How long does the average pizza take? 20 minutes? 30? I know I've waited 45 minutes for a takeaway in the past, so what is it that's so fast about this food? It seems it is not time that is the crux of the matter, but people's motivation and the care that they afford the food they and their families consume. Importantly, though, it is people's perceived self-efficacy, whether they believe they have the capabilities to follow a recipe, make one up or know when something is ready. Cooking, unlike ready meals make out, is an unstructured and ever-changing process. Perhaps people believe that their culinary masterpiece should look like those styled in recipe books and food magazines. In reality, much like the relationship between women and models, food and its styled alter ego can be miles apart.

I don't give a sausage for the health of the nation. What I do care about is the fact that people are not being given the opportunity to explore their culinary potential. Most people have half an hour at the end of the day with which they could, if they so chose, create something in the kitchen. An omelette or pasta sauce takes about five minutes at most, and simple curries can be done in half an hour if people have the skills to do it. It is these skills that aren't being propagated - Home Economics is a joke when students aren't allowed to use knives. Perhaps if they could see what it did to a vegetable they'd be less inclined to stick it in a classmate. Perhaps if one were to change the status of food from that of a survival necessity it would not be overlooked in the same way oxygen and water are in the Western world. Perhaps with time a need will arise again for the imagination of the nation to flourish and begin whipping up hotpots and other culinary delights. Until then I shall remain in the kitchen.

A NIGHT AT THE BIG TOP.

ABBEYDALE PICTURE HOUSE AND THE RAISING THE RAFTERS CAMPAIGN.

STICKY COLLECTIVE.

FOR ANYONE THAT HAS EVER TAKEN A WALK DOWN ABBEYDALE ROAD IN SHEFFIELD, THE HUGE WHITE NEO-CLASSICAL STYLE BUILDING ON THE CORNER OF MARDEN ROAD IS A FAMILIAR SIGHT. ALTHOUGH ABBEYDALE PICTURE HOUSE IS A WELL-KNOWN LANDMARK IN THE SOUTH OF THE CITY, ITS COLOURFUL HISTORY AND CURRENT ACTIVITIES ARE NOT SO WELL DOCUMENTED.

The Picture House was opened in 1920 by the Lord Mayor and very quickly became a popular entertainment nightspot for Sheffielders, as well as attracting many people from outside the city. Back then the old trams would ferry people up Abbeydale Road in their droves and it was not uncommon on busy evenings for the Picture House to have 3,000 people inside its doors. Once inside, the Abbeydale offered a wide variety of entertainment options including film screenings, theatre productions, ballroom dancing, a cafe and a billiard hall.

The Abbeydale continued to grow in popularity and in 1950 was taken over by the Star Cinema Group, who five years later ushered in a brave new world of film projection by installing cinemascope, allowing the first widescreen presentation of movies. The 1950s also saw the emergence of another technological breakthrough as the exciting medium of television was introduced to the world. Over the years that followed, home sets became more and more popular and the number of people choosing to visit the cinema declined. Like many other cinemas, the Abbeydale suffered financial losses as a result of this change in entertainment tastes and on July 5th 1975 showed its last ever film of the period, going out with a bang by screening Charles Bronson's Breakout.

For the next 15 years the Abbeydale acquired a different owner as Drakes Office Equipment Sales began trading from the premises. During this period the sprung floor (!) in the ballroom was removed and the space converted into a snooker hall. On August 24th 1989 the building was granted a Grade II listing for its architectural and historical importance, in effect saving it from any proposed demolition (or worse, conversion into yet another doomed apartment development). Drakes ceased ownership of the building in 1991 and the future of the Abbeydale was in doubt until 2003, when the Friends of the Abbeydale Picture House group was formed. In 2005 the group secured funding to buy the building and began drawing up a fundraising and restoration plan of action, as well as developing the entertainment facilities at the Abbeydale. The group's plans are to create a much-needed community venue for performing arts, static art, visual media, theatre, dance, live music and cinema.

Today, the Picture House has its own Youth Theatre group who regularly stage productions and has provided a home to the Wednesday Club - a group of Sheffield craftsmen who come together to produce props and scenery for productions across the city, as well as contributing to the renovation. The Abbeydale also provides art classes for local residents and hosts live concerts for bands and various plays for other theatre groups. Recently, the Abbeydale has gone back to its roots by screening films once again through working together with touring cinema Reels on Wheels. In addition to the activities in the main theatre, the Picture House is also home to the Snooker Club and Bar Abbey, which hosts its own successful events including Abocom comedy club and the northern soul night KGB.

The Abbeydale restoration programme has been divided into four phases, with phase one already under way. Phase one is the urgently needed replacement of the existing roof - this has to happen first in order for the Picture House to qualify to receive outside funding for the other three phases. In its current condition the roof leaks and is causing damage to some areas of the interior and so the repairs are a matter of urgency. The Raising the Rafters campaign has been set up to help raise money for materials to repair the roof and Night at the Big Top will be the latest in a series of fundraising events to support this campaign.

On Saturday 14th November the main room of the Abbeydale will be host to Night at the Big Top, an evening showcasing some of the best homegrown music that Sheffield has to offer. The headliners on the night will be hard funk group Butterbrain, playing a tight, rhythmic, in-your-face style of funk, this is a highly skilled band performing a rare live show. Support comes from hotly tipped experimental four-piece King Capisce, Amsterdam-based folk rock punk singer Tim Vantol, alternative country band Outroads, experimental guitarist Dr Robeatnik and blues and folk solo artist Andrew Duxfield.

As the Abbeydale Picture House is only granted twelve licences per year to host events in the main hall, this is a rare chance to come and experience some of the best music from Sheffield inside one of its most unique venues. All proceeds will be going towards the Abbeydale Raising the Rafters fundraising campaign.

More information on the campaign and how you can help can be found on the official Abbeydale Picture House website:

abbeydalepicturehouse.co.uk

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6. Don’t think.
7. Be fast.
8. You don’t have to know beforehand what you captured on film.
9. Afterwards either.
10. Don’t worry about any rules.

ONCE THE INDUSTRIOUS BRAIN CHILD OF COMMUNIST RUSSIA, THE CANDID APPROACH OF LOMOGRAPHY IS NOW HAVING REPERCUSSIVE EFFECTS ON THE CAPITALIST WORLD. THOMAS A. WARD DELVES DEEP INTO ITS THIRTY-YEAR HISTORY AND MODERN DAY PRIVACY ISSUES.

In 1982, General Igor Petrowitsch Kornitzky, right-hand man to the USSR Minister of Defence and Industry, smashed a little Japanese mini-camera onto the regal desk of his comrade Michail Panfilowitsch Panfiloff. Director of the powerful LOMO Russian Arms and Optical factory, Panfiloff examined the camera carefully, taking note of its sharp glass lens, high light sensitivity and robust casing. The two, realising the superior nature and extreme potential of this sedulous creation, gave immediate orders to copy and improve its design. The ultimate goal: to produce the largest quantity possible for the pleasure and glory of the Soviet people.

It was decided with great authority that every respectable Communist should have a LOMO Kompakt Automat of their own, and the LOMO LC-A was born. Millions of these inexpensive cameras were promptly produced and sold, as comrades snapped happily away throughout their day through the eighties, fully documenting the last gasps of Communism.

Since its clandestine creation, many rumours have evolved with regards to its use. Users were encouraged to take a light-hearted approach to their photography and to document everyday life. The LOMO LC-A’s small size, simple controls and ability to shoot in low light encourages candid photography, photo reportage and realism. This, in effect, resulted in the first form of Big Brother surveillance for a Communist regime, as the inexpensive snapshot camera enabled them to gather intelligence on their unsuspecting citizens.

THE IRON CURTAIN CLOSES ON LOMOGRAPHY.

The popularity of the LC-A waned after the curtain call of Communism and the introduction of dirt cheap, battery-powered imports from Asia. The LC-A was now only available in quirky, old-school camera shops.

In 1992, a group of restless Viennese students travelling through Prague stumbled across such a shop and bought a couple of the cameras for fun. They began to take candid photos of the resplendent capital as the Czech Republic celebrated its new-found freedom from Soviet control. The LC-A had unknowingly been rediscovered.

When they developed the photos of their tour – amusing, sad, garish shots, some in focus and some blurred – they noticed something special about them. The pictures had an exciting and fresh quality to them, capturing the life of not only their subject, but also of the photographer.

THE LOMOGRAPHIC SOCIETY AND BEYOND.

In the snap of a shutter, Lomography engrossed all of those coming into contact with their photographs, and in 1992 The Lomographic Society (Lomographische Gesellschaft) was founded in Vienna with the aim of spreading the message of Lomography throughout the globe.

As the demand for LOMO Kompakts grew throughout the world, the society was faced with a dilemma as the Russian production plant announced it was stopping its manufacture. Eventually the Society members were successful in convincing the LOMO factory heads and Mr. Vladimir Putin (vice-mayor of the LOMO Optics factory of St. Petersburg at the time) to begin production of the LC-A once again.

Despite being in production, LC-As are still in short supply. Originals fetch in excess of £100 on eBay due to their niche and historical value amongst photographers and enthusiasts who wish to take part in its honest artistry, adhering to its ‘Ten Golden Rules’.

The light-hearted approach to Lomography and its sordid Communist past is something that we cannot escape from in contemporary society with CCTV and Facebook leading the way in profile databasing. Should we be worried?

LOMOGRAPHY’S VISION IN OUR MODERN DAY SOCIETY.

The candid style of photography that Lomography promotes can be seen (or not, as the case may be) all around us. The UK is the world leader in video and digital surveillance. Our every move is being monitored by over 4.5 million CCTV cameras that hang menacingly above our heads, making us one of the most watched nations in the world, next to the likes of Communist China. This works out at one CCTV camera for 14 people living in the UK.

Although CCTV can be a valuable tool in crime detection and prevention, it is often unproven as a cure and infringes on our personal privacy and liberty as a result. The Home Office has spent a huge amount of its crime budget on CCTV over the last ten years, yet crime rates are comparable with countries with very few cameras.

CCTV can be effective in bringing prosecutions in criminal courts but even then some police forces admit that they will not use CCTV footage because of the time and costs involved. It is also dangerously unregulated and, without independent regulation, there is potential for CCTV to be misused and abused and potential for unjustified intrusions into our privacy by a government that is constantly chipping away at our civil liberties.

LOMOGRAPHIC NARCISSISM.

The photo reportage of Lomography can be seen throughout social networking sites all over the world. The digital age in which we live makes it very simple for us to join and volunteer our most intimate details on the likes of Facebook and share it with the world.

Free to join, Facebook catalogues your entire social network into a computer database: email, home address, personal preferences over the books you read, films you watch and music you listen to, your political persuasions, club associations, previous jobs, educational background and who you are dating. This can be quite an honest and intensive list, with some of your nearest and dearest not even knowing some of these rather personal details unless you accept their request for friendship through the site.

Millions of its cohabitants update their profile daily, uploading photos of their nights out and daily movements onto the site with a narcissistic insouciance, seemingly unaware of the risk that it places on their privacy. Let’s call it Big Brother with a consumer-friendly smile.

Founded in February 2004 by Mark Zuckerberg, Dustin Moskovitz and Chris Hughes while studying at Harvard University, Facebook has spread virally since its inception and currently has more than 200 million active users worldwide.

In order to launch Facebook on a global scale, Zuckerberg et al received \$500,000 in funding from Peter Thiel. Founder and former CEO of Paypal, Thiel is a self-confessed neocon and globalist whose book, The Diversity Myth, received praise from the likes of William Kristol and Edward Meese. Thiel also sits on the board of the radical right-wing Vanguard PAC.

More worryingly, Facebook received \$13 million in venture capital backing from Accel Partners. James Breyer, manager of Accel, sits on the board of National Venture Capital Association (NVCA) alongside Gilman Louie, head of In-Q-Tel. The CIA set up In-Q-Tel in 1999, with the goal of fostering companies that provide “data warehousing and mining” in a “secure community of interest.” Further goals include “profiling search agents” which are “self-sustaining, to reduce its reliance on CIA funding.” For something that is dressed up as being harmless and fun, Facebook is beginning to look like the sheep in devil’s clothing and a dark foray into psychological profiling.

Facebook and Lomography share many similar features in their insidious and clandestine encroachment upon our lives, movement and liberties. However, Facebook can be seen as acting in the favour of a possible cabal that wishes to know our every move and crush internal dissent; Lomography wants to capture it candidly for nostalgia’s sake.





AND THE WORLD DOES STAY AWAY,

leaving this hut unmarked
by the patter of flip flops
or the smears of sloppy sun tan
ladled thick by a mother,
With red features and unsubtle toners.

Left alone to converse
with teenagers arriving on bikes,
counting girls on one hand
and bottles of cider with the cigarette butts
and broken embers;
The sky descending in the slow
sexy air
and shards of glass
bouncing their
eyes off their feet,
like possibilities,
sparking,
then settling to dust
when they fall asleep
and the world stays away.

A preview from a planned Word Life publication by
JOE KRISS AND CHARLOTTE NEWTON.

BEST.

The Cliff, Manchester, 1970

Too overawed to speak
so I brushed shoulders
as we trooped off from training.

You signed autographs
for young girls who'd slipped through the gates,
as I bent down and fiddled with a lace.

Then, amazingly, we were alone.
You in front – my fourth person of The Trinity:
that gunslinger waddle; head slightly to one side;

as though carrying some brilliantly jewelled cross,
the price you had to pay
for re-defining how a game could be played.

Me? Third division only, I'm afraid
(and not long there either),
with a cross of my own to bear

and a grave lesson to learn – namely this:
that I could never, ever, be me
as long as I was trying to be you.

MIKE DI PLACIDO.
Theatre of Dreams (2009)

An ex-professional footballer, Mike Di Placido's debut pamphlet, 'Theatre of Dreams', takes its title from his magical trial with Manchester United in the early seventies. His time there is warmly recorded in snapshots of Messrs. Busby, Stiles, Law and, not least, his fourth person of The Trinity, George Best.

BERWICK STREET.

'In the heart of London's record-collecting district, more and more small shops are pulling down their shutters for the last time.' - Robert Plummer, BBC News, June 7th 2007

We schlep the quiet length of Poland Street
past the house where a blue plaque tells us
Shelley lived and diffident women who sulk
Soho-bound heels from a day shift of windows

to a night made for those who will chase the
dark to its slow death in search of nothing
more than laughter; the glamour a certain
light gives to last night's half eaten kebabs

left, for someone else to clean up, just
metres from the nearest bin. As we stand
at the top of Berwick Street, wait for cars
to let us cross, I think of those who came,

some from as far as Japan, with song names
misspelled on bits of paper. All for the half
smile of one who knows the tune; that it was
recorded in a shack on a shoestring. Soon

no one will know of these gutted shops.
This street's been reduced to a thoroughfare,
there's no placard here to mark the loss,
only those passing through; going elsewhere.

KAYO CHINGONYI.

Originally commissioned for the The Mini Midnight Run 09.

SAFETY FIRST, KIDS.
UNASHAMED WHIMPERING AND PAINFUL IDIOCY.
by THOMAS HOLME.

I, SOMEHOW, DON'T ASK ME HOW, MANAGED TO SLAM A MASSIVE, METAL AND CONCRETE SAFE DOOR ON MY LEFT HAND. I'M LEARNING TO TYPE, MINUS ONE DIGIT, AND TO BE HONEST, READER, IT'S A ROYAL PAIN IN THE ASS. It all happened very quickly, I started to feel dizzy and proceeded to chow down as much sugar as I could. I was on my own in a locked room and as such it would not have been wise to pass out. My left index fingernail went instantly black. I was whimpering, yes that's right, whimpering like a little child that's been pushed over by the schoolyard bully. Soon enough I was being rushed to the walk-in centre by my burly bodyguard, Jamaal Badman. I approached the doors of the walk-in centre, still whimpering, and the walk-in centre was shut; an old crone waddled past me whispering,

"You're too late Duckie ~ eight o'clock they shut."
She walked on and I swear down I heard her cackle. I cursed her name into the wind and phoned Jamaal.

"What do you mean they're fucking shut?"

"I told you, they're fucking shut."

"Fuck's sake, I'm on my way."

Jamaal drove me to the minor injuries unit at the Royal Hallamshire Hospital. His tattooed, shaven head glistened under the heady light of the streets as he cranked up the volume on his stereo and blasted out disturbing niche music; things were starting to look nasty. I tried to relax; all I could focus on was the horrific throbbing pain which was emanating from my finger. I couldn't have been in more of a rush to get someone qualified to force some powerful painkillers down my gullet.

I had made it and very soon everything was going to be alright. No. The fucking bastard thing was shut. A nurse came to see me and informed me that they closed after the eight o'clock watershed and there was no A&E unit here. At this point, not only was I whimpering, I was wincing at the same time. My hand hurt like a humdinger and the comedy of the situation had all since been flushed down the plughole.

I arrived at the Northern General and ran into the A&E unit in a shambles of horrendous pity and shame; it took me five hours to get seen. After X-Rays, a number of strong pain killers and various tests the nurses decided to drill a hole through my nail. The pain was so intense that the pain killers did naught but to dull the pain.

A few days later my finger had swollen up and was infected. It resembled what I imagine a hunchback's penis to look like. My GP prescribed me some antibiotics, these did not work and the infection became steadily worse. A few days later I went to the walk-in centre again. The doctor informed me that if the part of my finger that was starting to turn green had not begun to get better within a day, I should return to the A&E unit. Needless to say, it didn't get better and the damaged article was getting worse. The next evening I went back to the minor injuries unit. They decided to inject two sides of my finger with an anaesthetic; it instantly swelled up as the vile liquid numbed my hand. She then gave me a tetanus jab and proceeded to slice into the disgraced digit and release the infection out of my body and back into the world from which it was spawned. My hand was bandaged up and here I am now, typing with one digit less than I'm used to.

What's the moral of this story?
Well, Kids: Safety First: Always.
Safe. Yeah.



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BYROGLYPHICS.

ABSTRACT EXACTNESS FROM THE MANY PENS OF THE SPLAT WIZARD.

INTERVIEW BY MATT JONES.

THIS MONTH'S DECORATION TO OUR PAGES COMES FROM THE PENS OF RUSS MILLS, BETTER KNOWN AS BYROGLYPHICS.

A perfect example of the digital new breed of artist - making something that is to all intents and purposes hand-drawn, in terms of the elements used to construct it and the undeniable style it achieves, but put together digitally to create crisp, dynamic and beautiful images.

His mix of almost hyper-realism in his figures matched with abstract imagery, clever involved hatching, shading and considerably competent use of colour counterpointed against a clear knowledge of geometry, design and technical form has had me hooked for a while.

In his own words, Mister Byroglyphics.

NT. BASICS, PLEASE... WHAT STARTED YOU DRAWING?

I started drawing soon after birth. My parents weren't too happy with me laying around screaming and eating all day so I was set the task of producing complex schematics for submarines and heavy machinery. As luck would have it I showed an aptitude for this. Once school began I quickly regressed to the usual sloppy renditions of animals and tractors more in keeping with the style of 1975. I later entered a Blue Peter drawing competition to win a scale model of the USS Enterprise. I wasn't even one of the runners up so my youthful confidence was destroyed. I didn't pick up a pencil in anger for many years after that.

NT. CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE PROCESS OF STARTING A NEW PIECE?

I don't work in a very orthodox way so things tend to be on a conveyor belt. I'll start a series of drawings and do that for as long as I can stand it, usually a couple of weeks, then start to produce all the random marks and textures to scan into the computer. After that I sit in front of the computer and try and remember how to produce the images - this adds another couple of days. Once I've got that sussed I'll experiment with composition and start to rough out the finished pieces. There's no real regimentation to that part and can be a case of hit and hope. Decision making is fairly instant so the work retains as much impulsive mark making as possible.

NT. WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR INSPIRATION FROM?

I've not yet learned how to decant my more abstract inspirations into the work I do now, so I play moderately safe and use the human as my main source, specifically heads, usually female. This work is more like 'The Day Job', with the more ridiculous stuff waiting patiently to be called upon when I finally find a way to produce it.

NT. TOOLS. WHAT DO YOU USE REGULARLY AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE?

Pilot G-Tec C4 or V5, Sharpie fine point and Artline 100 'High Performance'. All essential devices! A moderately good computer that is already verging on an acceptable computer. Any paint that can be obtained from Wilko @ £10 a fathom.

NT. WHAT OTHER ARTISTIC MEDIA HAVE HAD AN EFFECT ON YOUR ART?

I scratched the surface of moving image work at university so that has had a definite effect on the stuff I do now. I often wish my images would move even just a little bit. I will do moving image work again at some point, probably when I can find the same equipment I used in 1994, which is now most likely in a West Yorkshire landfill.

NT. HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS?

Aside from fending off anxiety, I spend most of the time interacting with a computer in some way or thinking of valid reasons not to interact with a computer. I recently moved to Devon so have spent quite a lot of time startling livestock.

NT. OUT OF YOUR RECENT WORK, WHICH PIECE HAVE YOU ENJOYED MAKING THE MOST?

I find it hard to enjoy the work until I look at it six months later and realise I managed to produce it. It usually comes as quite a shock that certain bits look ok!

NT. HOW HAS YOUR ART EVOLVED OVER TIME?

My images have evolved on a technical level as I begin to give each piece a little more time than the last. Rather than racing through 50 images and ending up with a couple of good ones, I take a bit more time considering what I'm actually doing. The work has expanded from being simple portraiture to having some kind of narrative. This is all still quite clumsy though and provides the necessary 'room for improvement' that I need to keep going at it.

NT. HOW HAS ART IN GENERAL CHANGED SINCE YOU STARTED?

It's certainly changed from something that would appear in magazines that you'd read at the dentists to very much a participation sport.

NT. WHAT ARE YOU CURRENTLY WORKING ON?

I've got a few projects of note on the go besides the background noise of my own work. Hopefully there will be some clothing and other affordable goods available before too long.

NT. ANY TIPS ON HOW TO SURVIVE MAKING MONEY FROM YOUR ART? DO YOU FIND IT IMPORTANT?

You can only really see what works for you in practice. I started professionally doing commercial illustration and began to hate it with a passion. It really depends on how you like to work. I've found that selling stuff myself has been the most effective method of getting the bills paid, but it might not be for everyone. It's obviously become important to make a living out of this stuff because I'm basically unemployable.

NT. WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE IN ART?

The pandemic of associated bullshit.

NT. WHAT MAKES YOU SMILE IN ART?

The sheer volume of supremely good stuff being pumped out week after week.

NT. GOOD ADVICE YOU WISH YOU'D BEEN TOLD EARLIER?

Keep every single receipt that you are ever given, no matter what it's for....

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Threads. Every Saturday

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Every Friday Upstairs

We Play Messed-up Fidgety-Bassline Rave-Wobble Electro-Party Music, Breaks every Friday Upstairs. We specialise in bringing you fresh local DJs, as well as big party players from further afield.

SUCKERPUNCH!!

3rd Friday of the Month

The Legendary TUESDAY CLUB has teamed up with young upstarts, BASSFIRE to give you a spankin night of hip hop, house, breaks and beyond. With guest Dj's representing the best in the scene, this monthly knees up is gonna blow up! KABLAM!



1st Friday of the Month

Bigger Than Barry is a morbidly obese rave up that even ya nan will not miss. Its BIG, its FAT & its HEAVY, we shit you not!! Music is a sexy mix of garage// grime// baseline// b:more // electro// 2-step// dubstep// big step// dutty step//



2nd Friday of the Month

Sheffield's BIGGEST independent Electro night. Its loved by one and all, electro// glitch// new wave// disco// interesting techno// post punk// anything that gets people dancing. Previous acts include: Paul Epworth, Casper C, The Proxy, DJ Feadz, Little Boots, Filthy Dukes, The Whip, Brodinski and many more.....



1st Saturday of the Month Upstairs

Wok is Bmore// Fidget// Ghetto// 2Step// 8bit// Breaks// TechnoTechnoTechno. Do you often find yourself with a hinkering for some fidgety/jacking/bassline wobbliness? Good good, because every 1st Saturday of the month, Wok will be stinking out Upstairs DQ.



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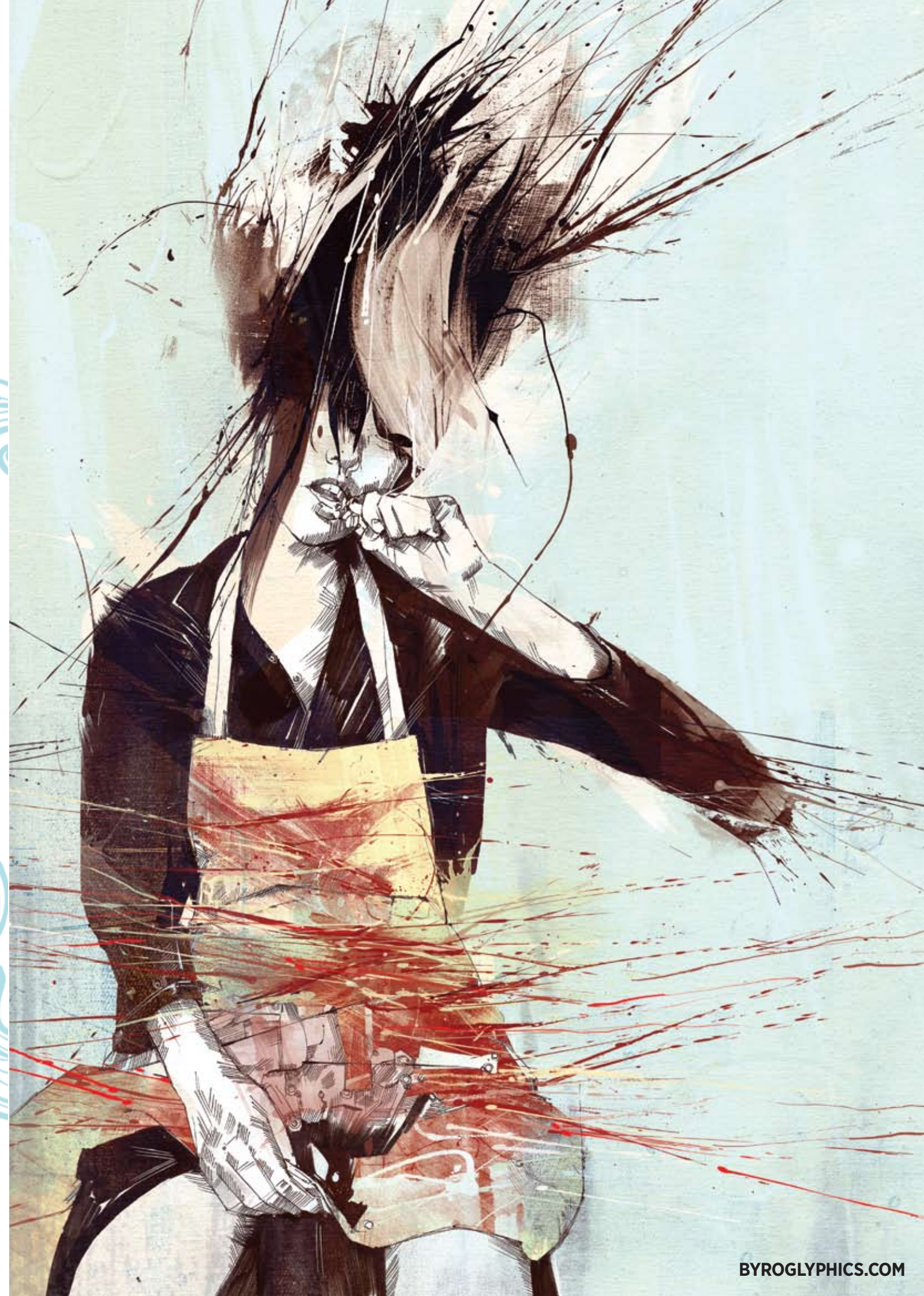
Fragment

3rd Saturday of the Month Upstairs

Fragment strives to be a place to provide quality electronic dance music for people to enjoy each month. The residents supply there take on the underground music scene of today. Focussing on lush deep house, techy melodic minimalness and phases of tribal techno... Previous guests include: Electric Press, Burnski, Matt Cooper, Sona Sound, James Barnsley.

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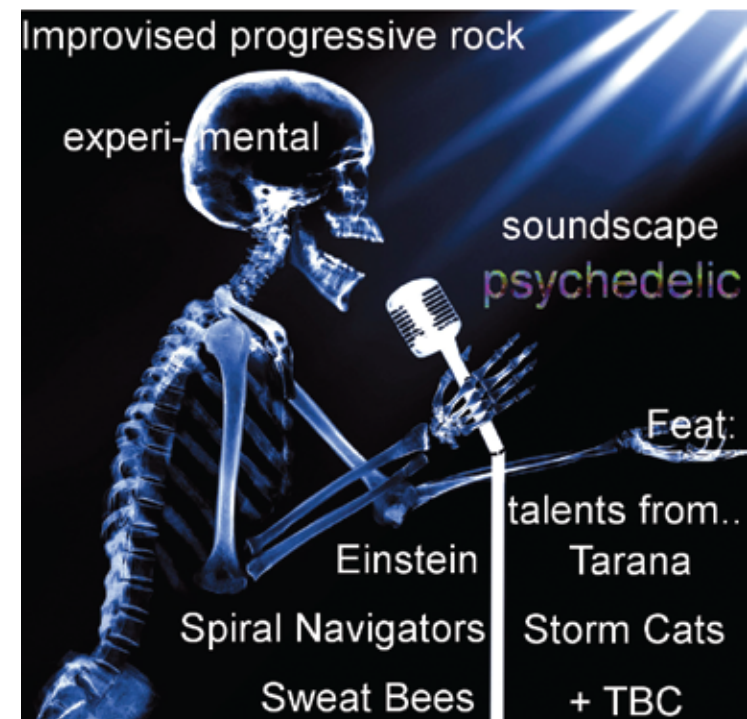
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Facebook event: <http://tinyurl.com/ykk944u>
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SATURDAY 21ST NOVEMBER.
10PM-3AM. // £7 ADV.

King Mojo presents a night of ska-funk-blues-dub tomfoolery with bombastic Bristol nine-piece Smerins Anti-Social Club, gypsy carnival skankers Bell Hagg Orkestar and the infamous Mojo and the Beatniks. Gaps filled by the Sequoia DJs. Get there early.

Facebook event: <http://tinyurl.com/ykeo82j>
Tickets: <http://kingmojosheffieldpresents.com/>

JOSH T PEARSON.
SHAKESPEARE.
THURSDAY 4TH DECEMBER.
8PM-1AM. // £6 ADV.

The bearded troubadour sings his songs of loneliness and yearning with a full band, supported by Smokers Die Younger and Mairead.

Facebook event: <http://tinyurl.com/yzae7sa>
Tickets: www.wegottickets.com/event/62496

REPHLEX RECORDS PARTY.

2ND OCTOBER.

THE WAREHOUSE PROJECT, MANCHESTER.
REVIEWER - SAM WALBY.

THE REPHLEX PARTY AT WAREHOUSE PROJECT WAS PREDICTABLY MENTAL. DJ REPHLEX RECORDS KICKED THINGS OFF WITH SOME HEAVY ACID TECHNO AND EARLY REPHLEX MATERIAL BEFORE MAKING WAY FOR WISP.

Wisp surprised the crowd by opting not to play any tracks from The Shimmering Hour, instead bashing out a series of older tracks from an anonymously darkened DJ pedestal. Most of his set was packed with tiny intricate breaks and video game bleeps, pushed forward with the urgency and locomotion of early Aphex and Squarepusher. A man to watch.

Apart from the spine-tingling 'Vordhosbn' from Drukqs and a select few others, Aphex Twin's set would have been largely alien to many in the crowd. Not necessarily a bad thing and certainly something he is well known for, but the eclecticism sometimes got the better of him. Moving from hip hop to gabba via drill and bass, techno and jungle, from 90 to 220 beats-per-minute, the oblique set even incorporated Scream and the Human League. It is fair to say that the crowd went completely mad for it, but it is also fair to say that it would have benefited from a slightly greater focus. Aphex will always do as he pleases and that's fine by me, but the closing 15 minutes of speedcore and noise really hurt. Luke Vibert saw the night through to the end with a strong blend of hard techno and acid.

Symbols are powerful things. They inspire, terrify, attract, repulse, arouse, offend. With this in mind, the Warehouse Project has changed drastically since I first attended two years ago. I'm referring specifically to the use of the Aphex Twin logo to sell 'room odorizer' (poppers) and umbrellas, nestled neatly between whopping great Smirnoff badges and wall projections of the Adidas logo. I don't have a problem with merchandise, but I object to this in much the same way as a good Christian might question the use of a crucifix to sell sex toys. Provocative. Needless. A perversion. Wrong. Just plain wrong.

In the awe-inspiring cathedral of music that is the Warehouse Project, some things should be sacrosanct. People attend events like this to get away from corporate nonsense and it seems like the organisers could be losing sight of this fact. By all means sell me over-priced lager and poppers - I expect as much - but don't embarrass the (surprisingly numerous) clubbers who have Aphex tattoos by plastering his much-loved emblem over every blank surface.

HOSPITALITY:
DETONATE & DARK CRYSTAL.

10TH OCTOBER.

PLUG, MATILDA ST.
REVIEWER - JACK OPUS.

ONE YEAR ON FROM DETONATE'S ARRIVAL IN THE CITY - THE FIRST ONE AFTER A BRAND NEW HORDE OF FRESH-FACED FRESHERS ARRIVE - AND IT DOESN'T SEEM AS IF IT'S GOING TO EASE UP THE PRESSURE GOING INTO ITS SECOND YEAR.

For those of us approaching that point in life when you are closer to 30 than 20, tonight was highly enjoyable as it offered a refuge, in the form of the Dark Crystal room, from the overly fast drum and bass assault in the main room. Don't get me wrong, I love some drum and bass, but when slightly sore-headed from the night before it's not always the one!

The Dark Crystal team have been hosting the second room of Detonate at Plug since the beginning and tonight offered some forward-thinking music in the form of Instr:amental. These guys have been involved in DnB for years and tonight's down tempo set made the night worthwhile for me - a really beautiful insight into what we can expect to be reaching our favourite record shops soon.

Venturing into the drum and bass room made it clear that, for a genre that has been around for almost 20 years, its appeal is as strong as ever. The room was rammed all night and as usual High Contrast and label mate Logistics kept the atmosphere going right through to the early hours. All testament to a genre that has a lot more juice left in it to fade away anytime soon.

Benga headlined the Dark Crystal room and delivered. As always. Possibly not the tightest set by the Afro-Warrior, but it real didn't matter as the serious bass weight, straight out of the mastering studio, more than made up for it.

For me the Dark Crystal movement is so important in Sheffield as, led by Alex Deadman, it encompasses a movement of people that live for the music they love. The extended family includes R8 Records, Junglist Alliance and, branching further out, Dubcentral - all of which push independent music in Sheffield. Support them on sight!

HEALTH.
PICTUREPLANE.

8TH OCTOBER.

THE HARLEY, GLOSSOP ROAD.
REVIEWER - ALEX TURNER.

LA NOISE-PEDDLERS HEALTH CAME TO PROMINENCE TWO YEARS AGO VIA A COLLABORATION WITH THEIR MORE FAMOUS BUDDIES, CRYSTAL CASTLES. 'CRIMEWAVE' WAS A DELICIOUS SLICE OF GLITCHY ELECTRONIC POP, THROWN INTO SHARP RELIEF BY THE BAND'S UNCOMPROMISINGLY BRUTAL DEBUT LP.

However, their cachet is clearly in good shape judging by the impressive numbers who turn up, willing to part with nearly a tenner to watch them strut it on a Monday night in a small pub venue.

Tour support comes in the shape of Health-remixer Pictureplane, a scruffy energetic dude rocking a Shoreditch/metal roadie hybrid look and slinging his hips several kilometres in each direction as he finesses a bench of equipment.

At first his sounds seem annoyingly chaotic, synthlines galloping into pompous Euro-tranceland and styles switching wildly as if soundtracking the mind of an ADHD child getting stuck into the Sunny D. It soon becomes apparent that there's some serious talent at work though, as the sonic crazy-paving gradually settles and weaves through an absorbing series of industrial beats. Live vocal snippets and some beautiful dub-techno effects glide over the top from time to time, locking down the audience's attention.

Health themselves take an altogether more physical approach to proceedings. Shrieks and harsh shards of guitar and synth noise rain down over a sump of bass, while various unfortunate drums suffer the kind of primal caning that has invited regular comparisons to the Liars. However this year's Get Color LP saw the group push the ghost-like vocals and skewed melodies lurking within their sound further to the fore, and the show pursues this tack, cuts like recent single 'Die Slow' assaulting and beguiling the ears in equal measure. The live setup also ramps up their underlying post-houseyness, counterbalancing the white-noise interludes and making much of the shortish set perversely danceable.

All too soon, the four musicians amble off stage and return only for a punishing 30-second encore, leaving a crowd who by the look of it could've happily stopped in the ring a good while longer.

WAGON WHEELS:
JAMES APOLLO.
KILLING FIELDS OF ONTARIO.
10TH OCTOBER.

THE GRAPES, TRIPPET LANE.
REVIEWER - ED WOOLLEY.

MY ORIGINAL PLAN TO CONCENTRATE THIS REVIEW SOLELY ON THE HEADLINER WAS DASHED BY THE SUPPORT ACT, KILLING FIELDS OF ONTARIO. NOT FOR THEIR NERVY AND ROUGH ROUND THE EDGES PERFORMANCE BUT FOR THE QUALITY OF THEIR SONGS. BRIMMING WITH IDEAS, THEIR INDIE-INFUSED AMERICANA ACHIEVES BOTH COHESION AND RANGE - A SUBSTANTIAL ACHIEVEMENT. WATCHING THIS BAND'S DEVELOPMENT PROMISES TO BE AN INTRIGUING PROSPECT.

American James Apollo is a striking character, his curly quiff bringing to mind the pioneering rock and rollers of the 50s. Following this format, his band, assembled from across the States, comprises double bass, drums and electric/lap steel guitar.

His music, however, mostly follows a mellower vein. Suffused with an ethereal melancholy, his breathy croon is noticeably like Chet Baker's. The sparse arrangements used throughout create a sense of brooding atmosphere. The backing on songs like 'Morphine and Wine' recalls the eeriness of Tom Waits, its spooky bass clarinet intro line is played adeptly on a slide guitar live.

Like Waits, Apollo's music draws strongly on America's past literary greats, including the romantic wanderlust of the US Beat movement and the rich poetic descriptiveness of Southern Gothic on songs like 'No East, No West' and 'Dead Men Weigh More Than Broken Hearts'. His themes of love, loss and laziness cover well-travelled ground. However, his economical style and elegant imagery make these songs stand out from the norm.

This is an artist quietly developing a rich catalogue of material and, on this live performance, has the voice and the band to do his songs justice.



REVIEWS.

SHACKLETON. NEIL MCSWEENEY.

DOOM. BOB DYLAN. SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS.

SHACKLETON. THREE EPS.

PERLON.
REVIEWER - MATT JONES.



FOR FRAME OF REFERENCE, THIS REVIEWER HAS A DANGER NOISE AUDIO SUB CABINET BIGGER THAN HE IS. AS MOST OF THIS ALBUM'S ENERGY, DRIVE AND VARIATION OCCURS BELOW 40HZ, I CAN PROMISE IT WON'T SOUND GOOD THROUGH YOUR MAC SPEAKERS.

Dubstep, as a term, does not describe this release or the forward-thinking cousins it's related to. Influences far ranging, from electronic and minimal techno to live instrumentation and organic sampling, put this head and shoulders above the present raft of mongstep merchants.

Shackleton co-ran the influential Skull Disco record label (until its sad demise last year), which was responsible for putting out some of the more interesting and forward-thinking examples of bass music from this island and beyond, including some of the best from Sheffield resident Greivous Angel. The unifying feature across all their releases was a firm stamp of groove and mood, and this has carried onto **Three EPs**.

There's been a few really good albums of the last couple of years that have harnessed atmospherics in a similarly competent fashion to this album, such as Burial's *Untrue* and Scuba's *A Mutual Antipathy*. They all manage to craft a soundscape that actually places you somewhere entirely different, and where Burial takes you into a darkened room listening to a 2 step rave next door, Scuba a muffled submarine passage, Shackleton's journey is much moodier - driving at midnight down a deserted motorway, sharp, clean drum patterns over swooping intricately controlled bass. Compared to his earlier releases, you can hear that the lad is spending more time in Berlin. A hefty slap of techno melds perfectly with his existing styles to give an album that holds together well on repeated listening, each track slowly mutating rhythmically into the next.

'Asha in the Tabernacle' is a standout track. It describes what Shackleton does perfectly, a unifying sub-line linking a disparate flow of clicks, synth chords and live drums into a slow-building and subtle flow that drops straight into an oppressive level of bass without losing any power from the instrumentation that accompanies throat-wobbling sub frequencies.

This is as good as bass music gets.

NEIL MCSWEENEY. SHORELINE.

SELF-RELEASED.
REVIEWER - ED WOOLLEY.



NEIL MCSWEENEY SET HIMSELF A SUBSTANTIAL CHALLENGE WITH HIS SECOND LONG-PLAYER, **SHORELINE**. THE MATERIAL FROM HIS 2006 DEBUT RECORD **REMEMBER TO SMILE** WON PLAUDITS FROM NATIONAL MEDIA AND CEMENTED A LOCAL CULT FOLLOWING. FOR THIS REASON **SHORELINE** IS EVEN MORE NOTABLE THAN HIS INITIAL OFFERING.

Still in place is his nuanced and powerful vocal delivery and influences which range from British folk, bluegrass and rock to the ambient stylings of those like Low. More surprising is the fact the songs maintain the high-calibre of earlier work.

Long standing live number 'Glencoe' opens the record with the gentle acoustic finger picking and lyrics which evoke pastoral wistfulness. 'Standing Still' and 'The Break' contain the ascendant choruses which explain his appeal to those who frequent the terraces as much as libraries.

What is striking across this album is the universalism in the lyrics. This is dangerous ground for singer-songwriters, and graves are littered with those whose well-meaning sentiments come across as platitudes and caricatures. But Neil McSweeney manages to achieve this, alluding to grander concepts with rich realistic descriptions which create authenticity.

The optimistic 'Wander in the Making' is propelled along with a bouncy accordion line. 'Side to the Sun' is a tremolo-soaked atmospheric dirge speaking of lost love and liquor. 'Time' stands out, its swaggering rock riffs and caustic lyrics providing a nice foil to other material mid-album.

'Rope to Hang' is one of the best songs here, covering the disintegration of a relationship with delicate imagery and astute wordplay. The ballad 'Half a Mind' casts the protagonist as the romantic chanteur, speaking of riverside trysts against the backdrop of changing seasons. 'Wasters' celebrates a beautiful but much maligned part of life: doing a bit of nothing and reflecting - something increasingly rare to modern living. 'Everybody Tells Me I'm Wrong' ends the album in a sombre tone, with lush strings swelling around the chorus.

The demise of the album is currently a much discussed topic. **Shoreline** suggests to me that this is an artist still very much in love with the format. The album's artwork reflects the same fascination with landscapes that the songs do. Whilst the songs on this album are self-contained vignettes, the thoughtful ordering creates a narrative arc both musically and lyrically.

On the basis of this album, McSweeney deserves acclaim and a wider audience. It will be interesting to see if poetic justice is delivered, or remains as something to write about in songs.

DOOM. UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

GOLD DUST.
REVIEWER - MARC JEROME.



HOT ON THE HEELS OF LATEST ALBUM **BORN LIKE THIS**, THE METAL-FACED VILLAIN RETURNS UNDER THE GUISE OF DOOM WITH A COLLECTION OF RARE TRACKS TO SATISFY HIS VORACIOUS FOLLOWING. IF YOU'RE NOT ALREADY AN AVID FAN OF THE MASKED MIC MARAUDER THEN **UNEXPECTED GUESTS** IS NOT FOR YOU; INSTEAD SEEK OUT SOME OF HIS EARLIER OFFERINGS. HOWEVER, IF YOU'RE ONE OF THE LEGION OF FANS THAT DELIGHT IN EVERY ESOTERIC UTTERANCE THAT MR DUMILE HAS TO OFFER THEN YOU ARE IN FOR AN ABSOLUTE TREAT.

Unexpected Guests brings together 18 tracks from across the hiphosphere that feature Doom as either producer or guest vocalist, as well as remixes and several tracks previously released as vinyl-only singles. The range of collaborators to be found on this record is a testament to Doom's prolific work ethic: Talib Kweli, J Dilla, Vast Aire, Count Bass D and Ghostface Killah, to name just a few.

Personal favourites include 'Fly That Knot', taken from Kweli's *Sucka Free Mix CD*, and 'The Unexpected' from DJ Babu's *Duck Season Vol.3*. As an added bonus there is a live cut of 'I Hear Voices', the studio version of which appears on the 2001 reissue of Doom's debut, **Operation: Doomsday**.

Unfortunately Doom's recent rate of output has decreased dramatically, which may be the very reason that this compilation exists. All of the tracks on this release are available elsewhere and so you may be disappointed at the lack of new material. That being said, however, even the most ardent collector of Doom's back-catalogue is unlikely to have all of the tracks featured here. If you take pride in your collection then **Unexpected Guests** should save you both time and money, but if your passion for Doom is anything less than whole-hearted I would suggest giving this one a miss.

BOB DYLAN. CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART.

COLUMBIA.
REVIEWER - BEN DOREY.



IT'S ALWAYS UPSETTING TO WATCH AN OLD HERO DIE, BUT WITH SOME PEOPLE IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR THE FANS IF THEY JUST GOT ON WITH KICKING THE BUCKET. THE ARTIST I AM REFERRING TO IS THAT DEMIURGE OF THE FOLK WORLD, BOB DYLAN.

It's easy to be captivated by people who have achieved impressive feats to the point that your ability to judge their other actions objectively is compromised. Many of Dylan's fans are more loyal to him than the disciples were to Jesus, and angry pre-emptive rants abound on fan sites about how critics are going to tear this apart unnecessarily. Since the critic's job is to criticise, I think it's only fair that I rip *Christmas in the Heart* to shreds, because this is without a doubt the worst record I have ever written about.

Dylan's covers of popular songs are so crucifyingly bittersweet they make the food from my cheap local Chinese seem subtle, almost gourmet. It is cunningly engineered to tweak all the nostalgia strings whilst using just enough tape delay to give it a sound that might have been out there in the early 60s - the early 60s also probably being the age demographic Columbia aims to sell this atrocity to. Dylan's voice, never that strong anyway (is saying that sacrilege?), is awful throughout, a sort of Tom Waits meets lung cancer sound. You could probably gain more musical interest if you sat on his diaphragm whilst he slept and recorded the noises coming from various orifices.

SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS. LOST AT SEA.

SOUTHERN BROADCASTING.
REVIEWER - SAM WALBY.



SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS RETURNED TO THE TOURING CIRCUIT AFTER ONE OF THOSE MYSTERIOUS AND UNEXPLAINED HALF-HIATUSES IN 2007 AND NOW **RELEASE LOST AT SEA**, A LIVE ALBUM RECORDED IN BROOKLYN LAST YEAR.

The 17-track set kicks off with 'Memphis Exorcism', before soaring though the jazzy nostalgia of 'Good Enough For Grandad' and 'Put A Lid On It'. Bombastic swing tracks like 'Fat Cat Keeps Getting Fatter' and 'The Suits Are Picking Up The Bill' from 1998's *Perennial Favorites* also make welcome appearances. A slight disappointment is the live rendition of their classic gypsy romp 'The Ghost Of Stephen Foster', slowed down and palling in comparison to its recorded counterpart.

Lost At Sea is not a patch on SNZ's late 90s album output and, with a new release expected in 2010, it remains to be seen whether or not this reunion will yield any new material of worth. The album is clearly more of a tactical release, designed to stoke interest in the band before they embark on a big tour. Despite this, the music still works well because at its core lies humorous pastiche and the belief that jazz should make you shake your hips as well as stroke your chin thoughtfully.

One thing remains certain: Squirrel Nut Zippers are not in danger of taking themselves seriously any time soon.



MARCUS INTALEX.

SOUL:R LABEL HEAD TALKS DRUM AND BASS IN THE 21ST CENTURY.

INTERVIEW BY BEN DOREY + JACK OPUS.

DRUM AND BASS OLD-TIMER MARCUS INTALEX STORMED INTO SHEFFIELD FOR TUESDAY CLUB LAST MONTH. NOW THEN CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AFTERWARDS TO FIND OUT HIS OPINIONS ON MUSIC OLD AND NEW. HE DIDN'T HOLD BACK...

YOU'VE BEEN INVOLVED WITH ELECTRONIC MUSIC FOR ALMOST 20 YEARS. WHAT/WHO INFLUENCED YOU AT THE BEGINNING OF YOUR CAREER?

I started in 88/89 playing house and went through Detroit techno, Belgian techno and followed the story into drum and bass. My first dance music loves were Derek May and Kevin Saunderson - that stuff really blew my mind. In some respects it's never been bettered. The thing I liked about where I had started from - Chicago house and Detroit - was we got to this new music called jungle just through following the evolution. It was still exciting. Working in a record shop meant that you had your finger on the pulse. That was my only income for a few years - it was a struggle but at the same time very enjoyable.

YOUR LAST RELEASE - DEBBIT/FOUR THREE THREE - WAS AT A SLOWER TEMPO THAN USUAL. DO YOU FIND IT REFRESHING TO PRODUCE AT DIFFERENT SPEEDS AND THINK THAT TECHNIQUES LEARNT AT VARIED TEMPOS CAN BE APPLIED TO PRODUCTION AS A WHOLE?

It's funny: I've always tried to make techno and never really made the tune I've always wanted to make - it's just been so difficult for me to do. 'Debbit' and 'Four Three Three' were just so easy to make - two different nights in the studio where it just happened. Other times it's difficult so I just switch it off. I don't sit there and fight something - if it comes naturally it will probably end up being a good tune. When you're working with other genres you're doing something different, you've got to put that bit of extra effort in and you've gotta be 100% sure about it. I don't really know what I like about dubstep or if I actually like it at all. Every now and again I hear something genius, but 90% of the time it's fucking horrendous - everything I hated about drum and bass but slower. Floating Points is brilliant. There is some really great music out there, but it's not necessarily dubstep. It's hard to pinpoint and that's what I get excited about.

YOUR LABEL WORKED WITH NOTABLE ARTISTS SUCH AS CALIBRE AND MARTYN BEFORE THEY BROKE THROUGH. WHEN RECEIVING DEMOS FROM NEW ARTISTS DO THEY HAVE TO BE IMMEDIATELY OUTSTANDING TO GRAB YOU OR DO YOU RECOGNISE RAW TALENT AND NURTURE ARTISTS THROUGH THEIR DEVELOPMENT?

The whole nurturing thing is very difficult, especially these days. I sign tunes not artists. I'm not bothered who makes the music - if it's a good tune and it's going to sit well with our philosophy then that's what I'm looking for. It's very difficult to support someone without putting their music out. I'll speak to them about their music and I'll play some of their music if I like it. But as far as supporting them via releasing things goes, you can't really do it. You can't release sub-standard stuff just to win an artist over. There seems to be a hell of a lot of people making really good music at the minute. The production levels have raised - it's like "how the fuck are people doing this!" More than anything I like the challenge of thinking "these fuckers are coming and they're fucking good, we've gotta pull our finger out!"

DO YOU THINK THAT MOST THINGS MOVING SOFTWARE-BASED OVER THE PAST 15 YEARS HAS CHANGED THE GAME, AS NOW ANYONE WITH A LAPTOP CAN ACCESS PRODUCTION SOFTWARE?

Exactly. It's more accessible, you don't have to spend fucking five years saving up to buy a sampler that costs three grand and a desk that costs three grand just to get the sound that you want. Those days are over so you can learn the trade a lot quicker. What it means is that there is more music out there, there is a hell of a lot more shit but there's more goodness too. There are producers that have been on the edge for years and all of a sudden they just find it, they find their production style, their little groove, and they're off.

IS ALIX PEREZ A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THIS?

Yeah he's been around for a long time, trying it, getting close. Zero Tolerance has really found something recently, he's found his little niche. Breakage is on top of his game, D-Bridge is on fire, the Instramental guys who've been around for years... it's just all these people that have been through the hard times and still believed in this music. I find it difficult to comprehend how much pain a lot of people go through. In essence it's harder to make money in this music than it's ever been. I guess the drum and bass scene is a bit smaller with dubstep coming in.

HAS IT EDGED OUT DRUM AND BASS?

It has a little bit, but there are all these people that have stuck with it and then all of a sudden just found this amazing sound. It's only good for drum and bass really. It's not the fashionable sound right now but it'll come back because it's fucking good. It's that simple.

DO YOU THINK THAT WITH DUBSTEP EDGING OUT SOME FANS A LOT OF DRUM AND BASS ARTISTS HAVE UPPED THEIR GAME?

They needed to - it's made people realise you don't have to slam the shit out of every record you make, it doesn't have to be as hard and as fast as possible. Dubstep proves you can empty it out a little bit. 175bpm for fuck's sake! You don't need to make it sound any faster - empty it out and there is so much more room to do shit. It doesn't have to be 100 miles an hour. I think with the fast stuff making such a big impact it's been difficult for people trying to be deep.

IT SEEMS TO BE TURNING A LITTLE BIT AT THE MOMENT, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

It's getting better if you get the right night. The ABunchOfCuts nights we've been doing have been amazing. There are certain gigs that are so rewarding. I guess going back five years the liquid sound was at its height, we were probably as popular as we'd ever been, but a few years later it had changed. We all knew it was going to happen but what we didn't realise was that it was going to get really fucking crazy or cheesy. It gets difficult to perform when it's the records that count more than anything; you've not got the tunes that people want to hear because you fucking hate them and wouldn't dream of playing them. It's frustrating.

THE ABUNCHOFCUTS PROJECT HAS A BIT OF A DIY PUNK ETHOS ABOUT IT - WAS THIS YOUR INTENTION AND HOW DID IT COME ABOUT?

It was basically a case of "fuck it we'll do our own thing" - we're not professional with what we do. It's a bunch of guys who happen to make some decent music and make it available to people so we can make a bit of money ourselves. We could have all opened individual shops through the networks that we were involved with but it doesn't do any good. You might as well have a group of people pushing in the same direction. The more music you've got in one place the better it is.

WHAT MUSIC IS EXCITING YOU AT THE MOMENT?

This week I have been listening to Simple Minds, rediscovering how fucking good their keyboard player was! Radiohead - I'm a massive fan. I was listening to Thom Yorke's new live set up tonight. Bon Iver just blew my mind - amazing. There is just so much music, it's bizarre! I even like a bit of folk, believe it or not.



WHAT WE ARE LISTENING TO.

MATT JONES, CREATIVE DICTATOR.
NEUROSIS & JARBOE.
NEUROT RECORDINGS.

A massively well-constructed piece of noise. Drone metal with progression, flow and big sharp teeth. Not one for the faint hearted.

JAMES LOCK, BIG BOSS.
SMOG.
A RIVER AIN'T TOO MUCH TO LOVE.
DOMINO.

Lyricaly some of the best music ever made. Lo-fi percussion from a Bad Seed to boot. Sink your heart into this and realise the river is all around you.

JACK OPUS, DJ AND PRODUCER.
PORTICO QUARTET.
ISLA.
REAL WORLD.

Beautiful piece of modern music from the contemporary jazz outfit. Their previous album, *Knee Deep In The North Sea*, was nominated for the Mercury Music Prize. Somehow they have managed to make Isla even better.

ALEX GROVES, MONEY MAN.
IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE.
REVOLUTIONARY VOL 1.
VIPER.

An intelligent, gritty commentary on how Immortal Technique sees the world. It'll get your attention and give you food for thought if nothing else. The best rapper I've ever heard mixing creativity and knowledge with an unapologetic intelligence.

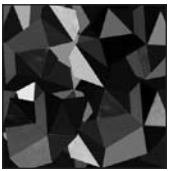
SAM WALBY, BORN CRITIC.
ROBOT KOCH.
DEATH STAR DROID.
ROBOT'S DON'T SLEEP.

New release from Berlin-based producer Robot Koch on his own label. Hip hop with wonky tendencies and a little dancehall influence.

File somewhere between Flying Lotus, Bonobo and Amon Tobin..

BEN DOREY, CELLAR DWELLER.
PADDY STEER.
DRAGON'S BREATH.
RED DEER CLUB.

Comic psychedelia by talented Manchester multi-instrumentalist, with the emphasis on 'mentalist'. If you ever get bored of listening to music then this is a good alternative.



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NOVEMBER LISTINGS

Friday 06th
Saturday 07th
Sunday 08th

Deep Olive Grass (DJ's)
Dadi Radi (DJ's)
Dirty Cheese (DJ's)
Fireworks Party
Y Factor (DJ's)
Sunshine Girls (DJ's)
All Corners Poker Tournament
Random Alchemy (DJ's)
Wobblers (DJ's)
Like Breaks (DJ's)
Lost Dog (DJ's)

Friday 13th
Saturday 14th
Sunday 15th
Friday 20th
Saturday 21st
Friday 27th
Saturday 28th

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DJs: Secret Diaries + Residents Hey Sholay

MONDAY 9TH NOVEMBER
La Folie (tbc) & The Harringtons + support

MONDAY 16TH NOVEMBER
Century Kids + support

MONDAY 23RD NOVEMBER
Hey Sholay, The Flying Squad, cats:for:peru & Ian Britt

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I SUPPOSE THE PROCEEDINGS COULD HAVE OPENED WITH SOME ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MAVERICKS OF CINEMA, BUT BY FOCUSING ON TWO SPECIFIC WORKS BY ABEL FERRARA AND DONALD CAMMELL A CRITERION SOON BECAME CLEAR TO ME. AND THAT IS: RELEVANCE FOR OUR TIMES.

Although it can be argued that, at first glance, there are considerable, striking similarities in their films, I think what sets them apart is far more pertinent as a means to understand them - especially if you consider how crucial those differences became in determining the path of their careers. Whilst the prolific Ferrara moved further and further away from Hollywood (with a mutual contempt which resulted in his work only being respected in foreign territories and almost exclusively funded by European money), the reclusive Cammell ended his days stranded on the hills of the very same Tinseltown and craving for the acceptance of a rigid studio system that could never possibly understand his artistic vision.

This said, two films were made by these two filmmakers which can very much be considered companion pieces to one another. Crowned with a magnificently unhinged performance by Christopher Walken, Cammell's *Wild Side* (1995) and Ferrara's *New Rose Hotel* (1998) are two vastly underrated cinematic dissections of the natures of greed and corruption.

Donald Cammell's name will forever be more connected with his directorial debut - cult movie *Performance* (1970) - than with any of the very few films he managed to make afterwards. The big studio sci-fi horror *Demon Seed* (1977) earned notoriety and is a work of remarkable aesthetic precision, but it wasn't for ten years that Cammell would direct another feature. Enter *White of the Eye* (1987), which is not just a truly original piece, but also, perhaps, the best serial-killer movie ever made by means of a poignant character study. A lot of the themes and motifs one finds in the film are revisited and revamped in what would become his final film.

Wild Side is the culmination of everything the director seemed to care for and, sadly, the reason why this talent is not with us anymore. The film - which, plot wise, concerns the double-crossing intrigues between the FBI, a money-launderer and a bank executive who also works as a call-girl - was taken away from him and re-cut as a bland soft-core thriller. This utter disrespect led Cammell to end his life by shooting himself in the head.

Now, my first contact with the film was precisely that studio edit, which was just a straight-to-video, inconsequential flick. Fortunately, years later, the film was re-released and re-edited to Cammell's vision. I faced the gratifying evidence of one of my firmest beliefs as a filmmaker: it's the way you tell the story that matters - or, in other words, true cinema is so much more than mere narrative. Restored and re-incorporated into this new cut were also the aspects that clearly made the studio execs uncomfortable. The elliptically-edited film is a savage attack on corporate power, equating bankers with self-indulgent pimps and the FBI with abusive psychopaths along the way. Simultaneously, the character that is allegedly the most corrupt (played by Walken with all the improvisational flare) is the one presented as having a certain degree of virtue. His upgrade from sugar-daddy to surrogate father figure only really falters once love, in the shape of a lesbian affair, comes into play.

In *New Rose Hotel*, Walken is also given an ambition which goes beyond the double-dealings by his character designed. He's presented as carrying the weight of history on his broken back in a film which is a kaleidoscopic tale of deception set against an imprecise future of utter multinational control.

Based on a short story by William Gibson, the film bypasses any futuristic references and replaces sci-fi conventions with recurring surveillance imagery. This adds to a sense of increasing paranoia and brings an almost hypnotic tone to the film. Such incorporation of grimy video footage into the aesthetics had already become a key aspect in Ferrara's films - in such must-see works as *Dangerous Game* (1993) and *The Blackout* (1997).



The recorded image is in fact crucial to the full appreciation of *New Rose Hotel*. An image that can be replayed and therefore re-interpreted becomes all that the characters have to rely on. Memories that can subjectively be altered in the mind are what Willem Dafoe's character is left with. Repetition is everything.



The Pygmalion-style tutoring of Asia Argento's dubious character becomes the back-bone of an intricate espionage plot in which higher powers shape-shift between government and corporation. Personal ambition outside such parameters is duly punished and easily obliterated.



The posthumous Director's Cut of *Wild Side* is available on DVD from Tartan Video.

New Rose Hotel is available on DVD and can be ordered online through Amazon.

WHITE OF THE EYE. (1987) DIRECTOR - DONALD CAMMELL. REVIEWER - OWEN COGAN.

DONALD CAMMELL'S STORY OF A HUSBAND TURNED SERIAL KILLER AS A NARRATIVE SEEMS CONFUSED AND ALMOST LAZILY CONSTRUCTED. HOWEVER, THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ISSUES BEING APPROACHED WITHIN THE PIECE, ALONG WITH ITS REMARKABLE CINEMATOGRAPHY, MAKE IT AN IMPORTANT FILM.

White of the Eye is a horror film; its horror is that of witnessing the chasm between the naïve perspectives of a host of small town American residents and the absurd and chaotic nature of the reality which actually surrounds them. Paul White, the film's protagonist, is a man unable to suppress his yearnings for blood. The film shows through a sequence of flashbacks his past as a man obsessed with the hunting of deer and in touch with the mysticism of his American Indian ancestry. The Paul of the present has left this all behind in favour of spending his time installing high-tech sound and video equipment in the houses of rich doctors and businessmen, whilst occasionally banging their wives. The hi-fi and video systems are figured within the piece as signifiers of the secondary reality constructed by the contemporary world - they bring the artificially-constructed sounds and images of this mutated reality into the security of the small town home.

Carl Jung once wrote of mankind that "separation from his instinctual nature inevitably plunges civilized man into the conflict between conscious and unconscious, spirit and nature, knowledge and faith..." This is the essential conflict that Cammell's film explores. *White of the Eye* is about the narrowing of reality by modern western civilisation, it is about the profoundly limiting nature of the formative narrative of consumer capitalism.

Paul is a man unable to exist within this reduced, stultifying simulation of reality. The viewer is positioned to be nauseated by the domesticity of modern American life in the same way that Paul is. When he murders, the film portrays the killings as extensions of the absurdity of consumer existence. The film is a meditation on the conflict between the demands and inhumanity of the modern world and the instinctual animalistic nature of humanity. I am not suggesting that Paul, as madman and serial killer, is Cammell's portrait of man getting in touch with his primordial self, but rather the unfortunate result of the suppression of a man's instinctual nature by the oppressive absurdity of modern civilised existence. Paul's condition is an extension of our own. In this way, although Cammell's film's narrative is flimsy, far-fetched and at times ridiculous, the film itself is immersing and thought provoking to the extreme.

WHITE OF THE EYE is available on DVD and can be ordered online through Amazon.

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES IS A PORTUGUESE FILMMAKER LIVING AND WORKING INDEPENDENTLY IN SHEFFIELD - HIS WORKS INCLUDE ANTLERS OF REASON AND AN ARRAY OF DOCUMENTARIES.

CAPTURAFILMES.BLOGSPOT.COM.



THE BOHEMIAN. 53 CHESTERFIELD ROAD. BOHEMIANCAFE.CO.UK

THERE AREN'T MANY RESTAURANTS LIKE THE BOHEMIAN.

A welcome retreat from the Macdonalds and greasy takeaways that line our streets with a well thought out menu offering fish, vegetarian and vegan dishes. But this won't be a problem for all you carnivores out there - the dishes taste wonderful.

The Bohemian is a bring-your-own establishment, so you can enjoy a fine wine with your meal for a modest corkage fee, or swill your breaded brie with cranberry coulis down with a bottle of White Lightning if that's the tippie of your choice. Alternatively, try their fine teas and coffees or their freshly juiced smoothies and juices.

Situated on Chesterfield Road, the owners managed to obtain the property before it was turned into yet another takeaway. Having previously run a business in the Meersbrook area, they spent a year researching what they could do to put something back into the community and four months renovating the property. The Bohemian was opened in late June 2006 and has been a success ever since.

The Bohemian has a strong ethical ethos: waste is recycled, energy is conserved, children are welcome and apprentices are trained here, not to mention that charities such as Oxfam and Assist are supported by this enterprise. And the best thing about it all is that none of this is lauded about and rammed down your throat. The Bohemian is at heart a cosy cafe with fantastic food and, best of all, is remarkably uncommercial.

Currently we're anticipating a saliva-inducing Christmas menu - the absence of turkey on the menu will no doubt be more than compensated for by The Bohemian's gastronomical goodness and dedication to tasty wholesome food.

Check it out for yourselves.



MISH MASH. 617 ECCLESALL RD. MISHMASHSHEFFIELD.CO.UK

LOCATED TOWARDS THE HUNTERS BAR END OF ECCLESALL ROAD, MISH MASH DESCRIBES ITSELF AS A KITCHEN CAFE BAR.

We'd certainly agree with all three of these, as the venue offers both the casual, comfortable setting of a bar alongside a quality of food that you might expect from one of its pricier counterparts down the road.

This is a modern space with simple furnishings and a mish mash of changing artwork on the walls. The staff here are young, friendly and clearly enjoy their working environments. Upstairs and for no additional charge, small parties and groups can hire a room with a bar, for a bit of privacy or a special occasion.

The food is light and contemporary with seasonal menus and a clear effort is made to present both the original as well as the old favourite... Here's our pick of the new Christmas menu:

Starter: Terrine of pork cheek with toasted sultana brioche and apricot chutney.

Main: Duo of pheasant with cream cabbage and bacon, chestnuts, game and red current source.

Dessert: Christmas pudding with brandy butter and vanilla mascarpone.

Check the full menu out on their website. As many ingredients as possible are sourced locally and it is clear from the website and talking to Sam, the owner, how important their provision of a sustainable and ethical service is to both customer and employer alike.

Also on offer, in these days of tightened belts, is an early bird menu which is available mid week from 6-7 pm. This, alongside a free bottle of wine with any three course meal, makes that dinner date all the more financially stress free! Students - you fortunate devils - may also claim 15% off.

In short, Mish Mash is a great place for enjoying good food, drinks and the company of others in a lively, modern and down to earth atmosphere.

FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

ENDLESS PROMOTIONS. ENDLESSPROMOTIONS.CO.UK

Endless Promotions has been operating in Sheffield for around two years. The brain child of Steve Rimmer, it has an ever-expanding remit of services for the young artist or venue, covering such bona fide money earners as events management, online listings, a record label, room hire, van hire, art space coordinator - the list is.... you guessed it.

Of particular note this month is the offer of shared studio/production space near Kelham Island from as little as £20 per week. Certainly one to be taken up if you're just starting out in the arts biznidge and might find benefit from working amongst others of a similar mind set. Check out the website or contact Steve direct for more information.

Endless by name. Endless by nature.

THE WICK AT BOTH ENDS. TINYURL.COM/YFBA9J3 149-151 WEST STREET.

Find me a pub on West St with its own brand of locally brewed Thornbridge ale. You'll struggle - or at least that used to be the case. That's right, we're talking about the newly opened Wick At Both Ends, which has its own ale called Airtight - like the fact of the matter.

Aptly named after the late night/early start ethos of the individuals behind it and the Harley Hotel before that, the Wick (as it will become known to all and sundry) is a local boozier in the centre of town, an inner-city snug, a place for comfort, drinking and records.

Get down soon and check out the beers, the ales and the already infamous cocktails. 'Surprise View' - pear-infused Cognac in an absinth-rinsed glass.

THE CREMORNE. 0114 250 9974 185 LONDON ROAD.

The Cremorne is one of those London Road landmarks that it's so easy to forget about. Luckily its regular gigs are a constant reminder of why it's such a social hub for everyone in the Sharrow region, with nights including Death By Shoes, Capische? and Riddimtion. It has a good rotation of local ales along with your standard lagers, managing to satisfy both the CAMRA fanatics and 'not really bothered what I drink' types.

It has the feel of a good old man pub (but without the bad smell) and draws a good selection of drinkers, young and wrinkly alike. A prerequisite of a good pub in these smokeless days is a large and accommodating smoking area, and the Cremorne's is both. Ideal for that sly mid-afternoon pint.

KING MOJO PRESENTS. KINGMOJOSHEFFIELDPRESENTS.COM

If you like funk, blues, reggae, dancehall, afrobeat, dub, ska, jazz, soul, gospel and anything psychedelic, chances are you will like, nay admire, the work of King Mojo Sheffield Presents. King Mojo has been promoting gigs for many years at many venues all over the city and has it down to a T. Cheap entry, foot-stompingly sublime live acts from Sheffield and beyond and an indisputable love for what they do have earned this independent business a strong following and lend their gigs a unique party atmosphere. No question about it - these are nights for people who love music.

Check out Bristol's Smerins Anti-Social Club at Stardust on November 21st and German reggae/dub/Balkan soundsystem Esperanza at the Casbah on November 13th.

PLANET TERROR RECORDS. PLANETTERRORRECORDS.COM

Planet Terror Records was founded in Sheffield in October 2008 with the aim of distributing and promoting free music online. The ethos of the label is to provide a platform for up-and-coming and established artists to unleash fresh new sounds on the world. All genres are considered, but a focus on dub, dubstep, hip hop, electronica, ambient and techno has developed over the past year.

Having already distributed releases from Barbarix, Culprate, Titus Twelve and Robot Koch, as well as a host of international unknowns and promising Sheffield producers like K.I.D.L.I.B, Deadbeat and M.I. Loki, the label is expanding organically to include club nights at the Plug and regular mix releases. Send your music to demos@planetterrorrecords.com.

SEQUOIA SOUNDSYSTEM. MYSFACE.COM/SEQUOIASOUNDSYSTEM.

Sequoia are Sheffield old school. They have been putting on shows, building stacks of sound and generally creating mad houses for as long as I can remember. They are genuinely in it for the love and have had some massive parties to prove it.

Sequoia have vibrated pretty much every venue in Sheffield, from the ol' Nottingham House days, to Club Sshh and the latest bass corridor at Yellow Arch. Originally starting out as a group of lads looking to make house parties better, Sequoia began buying speakers. Six years on and there are a lot of speakers and a few more lads.

Check out Bassweight Carnival, featuring the likes of Sama Roots, Coldupnorf and Sequoia at the end of every month at Yellow Arch. Not to be missed.





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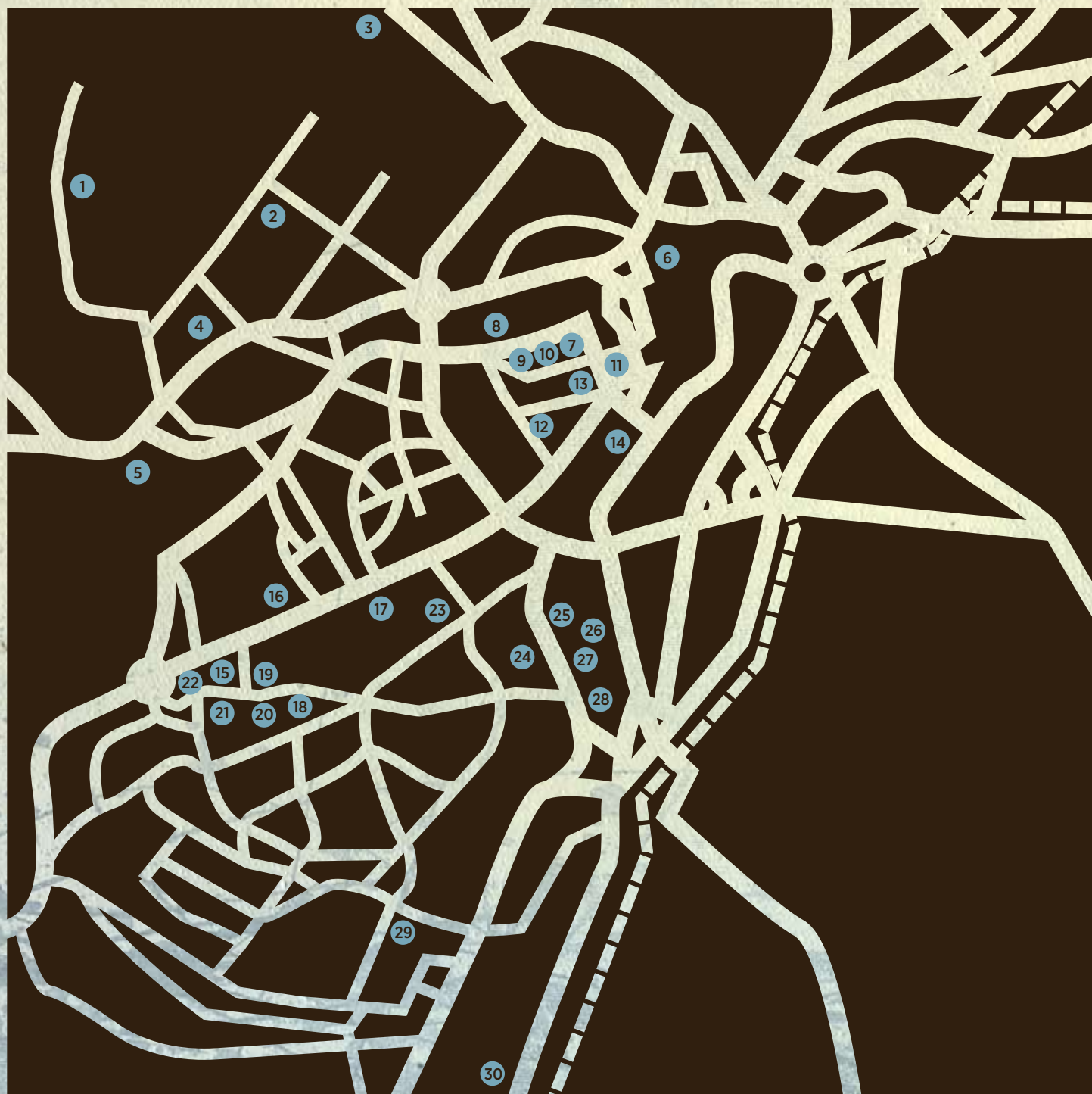


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